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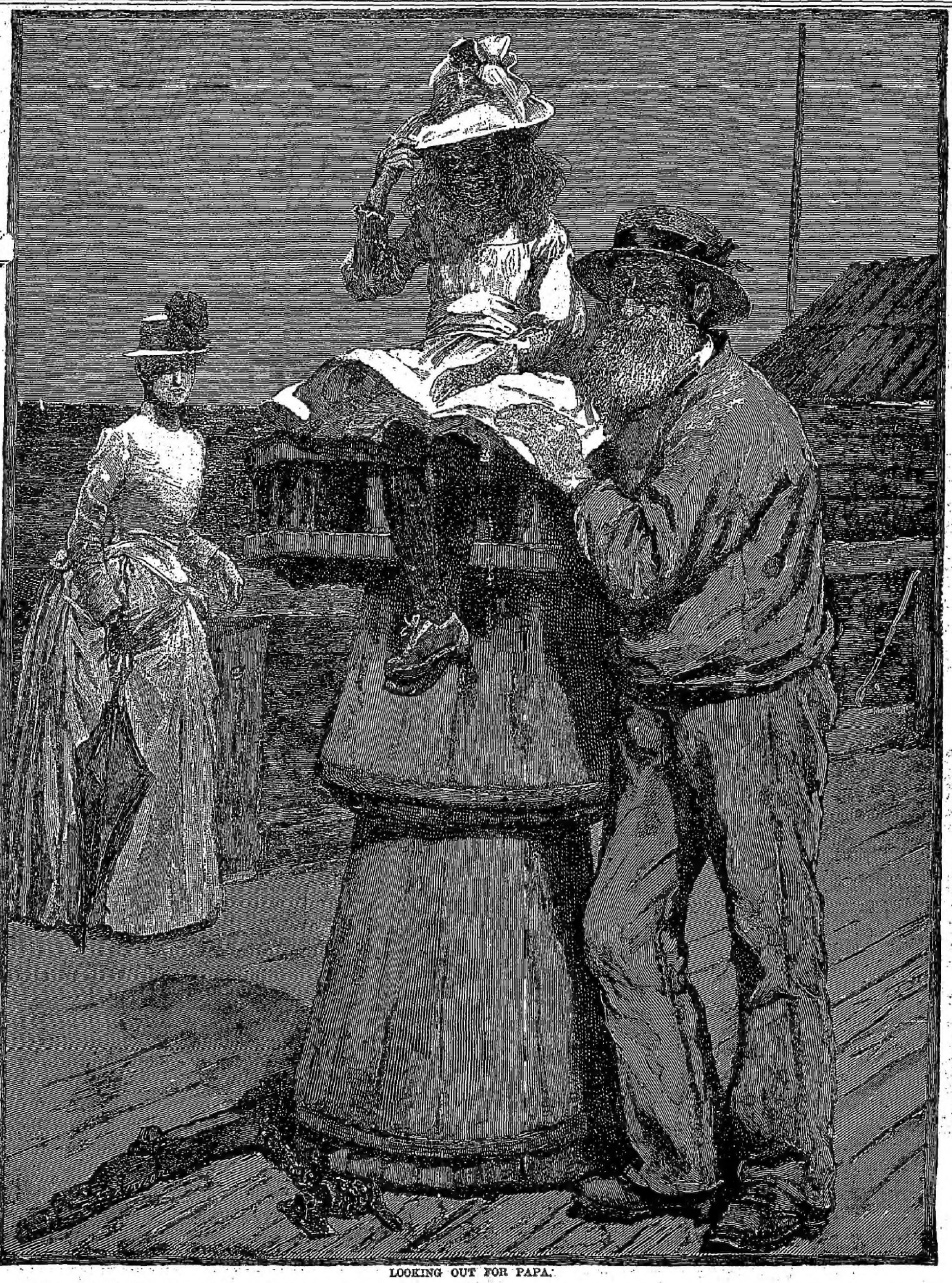

LOOKING OUT FOR PAPA.

WATCHING FOR PAPA.

Holidays are delightful, there is no room for any two opinions about that, and Elsie felt very sorry this summer for the hundreds of little boys and girls who had no way of getting out of the hot stuffy city. "Just fancy," she confided to her mother one day, "lots and lots of them have never seen the sea and don't know anything about the river except what they see between the ships at the wharf. Don't you wish we could bring some of them down here mamma? Wouldn't we have fun building forts here in the sand! And do you suppose they ever saw anything so beautiful as those pools we saw this morning among the rocks, with the dozens of starfish shining down at the bottom among the sea weed? And those cunning little crabs too! Mamma, don't you believe I could catch one of them if you would only hold me so I wouldn't fall in?"

"I dare say, if one didn't catch you first."

"I do believe I could. Won't you please come now and let me try?"

"Why yes, dear, I will, if—"

"O, but we can't, mamma, after all, because I do believe it's almost time to watch for papa, isn't it?"

"Almost, dear, but it will be quite a long while before the boat comes around the pier where you can see her."

"O never mind, mamma, I must be here when papa comes, and, oh, there is old Ben, he will lift me up so that I can see right over the pier, and see papa's boat before any one else.

"Do you know, mamma, its very nice down here, but it isn't half a holiday without papa. He is ever so much more fun than any boy I know, and I never feel half so safe with any one as with him. Do you mamma?"

"No, dear, you and I agree about that, don't we, it isn't half a holiday without him."

But Elsie had hardly time to wait for the answer, and almost before it was given she was perched aloft on her favorite watch tower with old Ben near by to see that she did not come to grief.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be afraid of his early condition.

The trouble with a man covering up his tracks is that he makes new ones in doing it.

Hear both sides and all shall be clear; hear one and you may still be in the dark.

Do not persecute the unfortunate as it is like throwing stones on one fallen into a well.

Hope is itself a species of happiness, and perhaps the chief happiness the world affords.

Resignation is an invaluable treasure, which cannot, by the most violent evils, be taken from us.

Familiarity does not breed contempt, except of contemptible things or in contemptible people.

Happiness is a perfume which one can not shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self.

A man never sees all that his mother has been to him till it's too late to let her know that he sees it.

Reformers had first need to practice on their own hearts that which they purpose to try on others.

When the term education is used t should suggest to the thinking mind this question: To what? for weeds may be cultivated as well as useful plants, and also good and evil both may be taught.—*Selected.*

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

Says the *Journal and Messenger*: The Sunday newspaper has received more attention than usual during the past few weeks, on account of the discontinuance of the Sunday edition of the Rochester *Democrat*. The *Daily News*, of Chicago, with the largest circulation of any paper in the city, publishes no Sunday edition. Several daily papers have endeavored to justify their Sunday editions by a repetition of the old worn-out and often-answered arguments. Anything in which there is large profit, no matter how ruinous to public morals, public health or individuals, will find plenty of men and capital, unless prevented by law. That the Sunday newspaper business is enormously profitable there is no doubt. Business men, eager to place their advertisements before the people, hope to snatch the time of this day of rest, and get announcements read that would be passed over during the week. Several columns are filled with scandal and reading matter utterly demoralizing. A little religious reading is inserted as a bait, not to induce the subscriber to read the rest, but to give him an excuse for buying the paper.

HYMN FOR A TEACHERS' PRAYER-MEETING.

"WORKERS TOGETHER WITH HIM."

Master of the vineyard, hear,
Seeking, may we find thee near;
Thou hast called us, Lord, to be
Fellow-workers here with thee.

Greater honor who could claim?
Vast the work and grand the aim!
And, though all unworthy, we
Thankfully would work with thee.

When our task seems long and hard,
Dim and distant the reward;
Give us faith, dear Lord, that we
Trustfully may work with thee.

When we sadly sow in tears,
When no sign of fruit appears,
Grant us patience, Lord, lest we
Weary in our work for thee.

In the deadly strife with sin,
Foes without and doubt within,
Grant us courage, Lord, that we
Steadfastly may work with thee.

When our labor thou hast owned,
Our poor work with blessings crowned,
Keep us humble, grant that we
All the praise may give to thee.

When our task on earth is done,
Life's last battle fought and won,
Call us home to rest, that we,
Evermore may dwell with thee.

—*S. S. Chronicle.*

ABOUT THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A short time since a friend of mine took her little boy to Sunday-school, and placed him in the infant class. A few hours after, while at dinner, the little fellow said: "The lady didn't tell me anything about Jesus." My friend said: "What did she tell you about, my son?" "She told us about sheep." That child will always retain the impression made at that time. His mother had previously told him that he would hear all about Jesus at the Sunday-school. He was disappointed; he heard nothing about the one whose name was already sweet to him. This teacher is called "the salt of the earth,"—a devoted Christian. Alas! it seems to me that there must be a great lack of devotion when the teacher will let the hour pass without some recognition of the Saviour! How often have I seen those before a class trying to explain the great truths who do not profess to know the "light," but because they are naturally brilliant, or for lack of Christian teachers, or some other cause, have been invited to look after the class. This thing ought not to prevail; but rather than my children should be taught by one who professes to know the way and is dead, give them the intellectual person whom they know does not profess to follow our Lord! Oh, these dead Christians? I would that some spiritual electricity from heaven might descend upon them. Then truth would win victories. In these days intellectuality cannot be set aside, but if we would see the power of the atonement abroad in the world, we must make spirituality second to nothing!

I have often wondered why the committing to memory of Scripture has been abandoned, and wish we might return to it. I wish that every teacher in our Sunday-schools would require his scholars to learn by heart a certain number of Scripture texts; then we would be sure that the heads of our children were being stored with the truth. In this event the hearts would quite likely be touched.—*Watchman.*

PRAYER MEETING ETIQUETTE.

There is an etiquette about coming in and going out. It is courteous to leave the chairs nearest the door for the late comers. There are always some who need this chance of slipping in unnoticed. "Why have you stopped coming to prayer-meeting?" a pastor asked a hard-working woman in his congregation.

"I can't come," she answered. "My husband is late home from work, and the bell stops before I can get supper off the table. I used to slip in quietly; but now the boys and girls fill up the places by the door, and I disturb the meeting. I would like to come, I miss the meeting so!" The selfishness of these boys and girls cut off this poor woman from a privilege. They wished to be as far as possible from the leader. They had been told of the late comers' needs, but they chose to disregard them.

It is according to etiquette to adjust one's wraps after the benediction or concluding hymn, and not before them. The best way is for all to resume their seats for a moment's quiet before leaving the room.

At a meeting that I attended not long ago, no sooner was the parting hymn announced than there began a prodigious noise of scraping and of stamping. The decorous quiet which had hitherto prevailed gave place to a hurry and a tumult. It was a race to get the rubbers on, and the cloaks buttoned, and the hymn-books opened at the proper place, before the organist had finished his prelude. Most gave evidence of long practice, and succeeded, but some buttoned on through the first stanza of the hymn. It was a performance that spoiled the singing and belittled the benediction. And the last word was no sooner spoken than there was a rush for the door like that when the gates are opened and the crowd hurries to a train. What was the trouble? Were these good people's houses burning; or was there some one ill at home? Neither. It was pure ignorance. They did not mean to be irrevent or rude. They simply did not know any better; that is to say, they were ill-bred.

These are some of the requirements of etiquette in the prayer-meeting, and some of the common sins of ill manners. They are little sins, some one may answer; but behind each one is selfishness, and selfishness can never be a little thing.—*Rev. Isaac Ogden Rankin, in Golden Rule.*

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 16, 1890.

JESUS CONDEMNED.—Luke 23: 13-25.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 20-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"For the transgression of my people was he stricken."—Isa. 53: 8.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 23: 13-25.—Jesus Condemned.
T. Matt. 27: 1-10.—The Traitor's Death.
W. Matt. 27: 11-26.—The People Persuaded.
Th. John 19: 1-16.—No King but Cæsar.
F. Acts 1: 15-26.—The Traitor's Place Filled.
S. Acts 3: 12-26.—"That Christ Should Suffer."
S. Rev. 5: 1-14.—"Worthy is the Lamb."

LESSON PLAN.

I. Pilate's Weakness. vs. 13-16.
II. Barabbas Preferred. vs. 17-22.
III. Jesus Sentenced. vs. 23-25.

TIME.—A.D. 30, Friday morning, April 7; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—Pilate's hall of judgment, Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

Pilate, when Jesus was brought back from Herod, seated himself upon his judgment-seat (Matt. 27: 19) with the purpose to pronounce him innocent and end the trial. But after making some weak efforts for his release he yielded to the clamors of the priests and delivered him to be crucified. Parallel accounts, Matt. 27: 15-26; Mark 15: 6-15; John 18: 39, 40; 19: 1-16.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 14. *Perverteth the people*—turneth them away from Cæsar. V. 15. *Is done unto him*—Revised Version, "hath been done by him." V. 16. *I will therefore chastise him*—strange conclusion from such a decision. Both Herod and Pilate had found the man innocent, and yet Pilate would punish him. V. 18. *Away with this man*—a demand for his execution. *Release unto us Barabbas*—a highwayman and murderer preferred to a just man and a prophet! V. 22. *What evil*—an appeal to their sense of right. A humiliating spectacle—a judge pleading for the life of one whom he had full power to discharge. V. 24. *Gave sentence*—final and official sentence, first washing his hands and declaring, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person." Matt. 27: 24.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Why did Pilate send Jesus to Herod? How did Herod treat him? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. PILATE'S WEAKNESS. vs. 13-16.—What did Pilate do when Jesus was brought back from Herod? What did he say? What had been the result of Herod's examination? What did Pilate determine to do? Why should he chastise him if he were innocent? What did this show in Pilate?

II. BARABBAS PREFERRED. vs. 17-22.—Why must one be released? What did they all cry? Who was Barabbas? What was Pilate's inclination? What did he do? What did they say to this? What further plea did he make? What proposal?

III. JESUS SENTENCED. vs. 23-25.—What effect had this proposal upon the chief priests and people? What prevailed? What does this show of Pilate's character as a judge? What did Pilate then do? Was this sentence, then, according to law? Whom did he release unto them? What did he do with Jesus?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That hesitation and indecision often lead to crime.
2. That we gain nothing by doing wrong to please others.
3. That Jesus was proved innocent by the most positive evidence.
4. That to reject the Saviour is a most fearful crime.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What was Pilate's decision about Jesus? Ans. I have found no fault in this man.
2. What did he propose to do? Ans. I will therefore chastise him and release him.
3. What did the people reply to this proposal? Ans. Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas.
4. Who was Barabbas? Ans. A robber, a rebel and a murderer.
5. What did Pilate do? Ans. He released Barabbas and delivered Jesus to be crucified.

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 23, 1890.

JESUS CRUCIFIED.—Luke 23: 33-47.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 32, 34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of all."—Isa. 53: 6.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 23: 33-47.—Jesus Crucified.
T. Matt. 27: 27-54.—Darkness and Death.
W. 1 Pet. 2: 17-25.—"Christ also Suffered for Us."
Th. Psalm 22: 1-16.—"Why Hast thou Forsaken Me!"
F. Psalm 22: 17-31.—"A Seed Shall Serve Him."
S. Gal. 3: 1-14.—Redeemed from the Curse.
S. Gal. 6: 1-18.—Glorying in the Cross.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Mocking People. vs. 33-38.
II. The Penitent Robber. vs. 39-43.
III. Darkness and Death. vs. 44-47.

TIME.—A.D. 30, Friday, April 7, from nine to three o'clock; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—Calvary, just outside the walls of Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

Jesus, having been delivered into the hands of soldiers, was led without the city to a place called Calvary, bearing his cross. On the way he fell exhausted by the burden, and the soldiers compelled Simon of Cyrene, whom they met, to bear it with Jesus. To some women following him, and weeping he spoke words of admonition. Thus, a great company of people following him, they came to the place of execution. Parallel accounts, Matt. 27: 33-54; Mark 15: 22-39; John 19: 17-30.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 33. *Calvary*—so named from its having the form of a skull: "Golgotha" has the same meaning. V. 34. *Father, forgive them*—a prayer for his murderers. V. 35. *Rulers*—chief priests and members of the council. V. 36. *The soldiers*—who had charge of the execution. *Vinegar*—their usual drink; a sour wine. (See Ps. 69: 21.) V. 38. *Superscription*—it was written in three languages that all might read it. V. 41. *Nothing amiss*—Isa. 53: 9. V. 42. *Into thy kingdom*—rather, in "thy kingdom." (Compare Matt. 16: 28.) V. 44. *Sixth hour*—noon. *Darkness*—a supernatural darkness. V. 45. *The veil of the temple*—which separated the holy from the most holy place. *Was rent*—signifying that by the death of Christ there is free access for sinners to the mercy-seat. V. 47. *The centurion*—in charge of the execution.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—By whom was Jesus betrayed? When and where was he arrested? Who condemned him to death? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE MOCKING PEOPLE. vs. 33-38.—Where was Jesus taken for crucifixion? Describe the crucifixion. Who were crucified with him? What prayer did Jesus offer? What was done with his garments? Who were witnesses of the crucifixion? What mocking words were spoken? What did the soldiers do? What superscription was placed over Jesus?

II. THE PENITENT ROBBER. vs. 39-43.—What did one of the malefactors say? How did the other reprove him? What was the prayer of the penitent robber? What was the answer of Jesus? What did this answer mean? What must we do to be saved?

III. DARKNESS AND DEATH. vs. 44-47.—What took place at noon? How long did this darkness last? What did it show? What took place at three o'clock? What did the rending of the veil show? What were the last words of Jesus? Who had charge of the crucifixion? What testimony did he give?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That wicked men fulfil God's purposes without knowing it.
2. That Christ loved even his enemies and murderers.
3. That we should be like him in meekness and forgiveness of injuries.
4. That Christ bore our sins in his own body on the tree.
5. That he will save every repenting sinner.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. How was Jesus put to death? Ans. He was crucified with two robbers.
2. What did the Jews do while Jesus was suffering? Ans. They mocked and derided him.
3. What promise did Jesus make to the penitent robber? Ans. To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise?
4. What took place while he was on the cross? Ans. The sun was darkened and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst.
5. What were the last words of Jesus? Ans. Father, unto thy hands I commend my spirit.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOW THE EXPERIMENT WORKED.

"Well, John," said I, "we'll make the change;
I'll milk the cows and fodder round,
And you may tend the cooking range
And take the case you think is found
In housework where you say there's naught
To try the nerves or bind the thought;
And if the test seems good to you
We'll keep right on the whole year through.

"Boil the potatoes, fry the meat,
And don't forget to mix the bread;
'Tis light already—fresh and sweet—
If left too long 'twill sour instead;
Then stir the griddle-cakes, you know,
And skim the milk—the bottom row—
Stir well the cream and set away
For churning later in the day.

"Then get the children up and dressed
And shake the beds so they will air;
But all the time just take your rest,
And keep your mind all free from care.
Tend little Ned, don't let him cry—
And set the table neat and spry.
Just wash and scald the pans of tin
To strain the milk when I come in."

John smiled a smile of proud disdain,
And said in his most lofty tone,
"Waste no more words, these things are plain
To any child who runs alone."
I built the fire—to make a start—
With conscious power within my heart
One ever feels who holds in store
The knowledge garnered up of yore.

For it was only here last fall,
While John enjoyed the city's charms,
On jury drawn, I did it all
With baby Ned within my arms.
And so I fed the stock their hay,
Though resting often by the way,
And sometimes standing still to hold
My fingers growing numb with cold,

At length I milked the last staid cow;
But I was tired enough "to kill."
And nearly froze—I'll own to now.
Although to John I never will.
With brimming pails, one in each hand,
Merrily singing, "Happy Land,"
I sought the house where John was blest
To do my work and take his rest.

With eager hand, I op'd the door
Where I had long been wont to reign;
The scene I never saw before . . . .
And pray I never may again.
It brings a creeping horror yet,
Whene'er from memory's hall I let
The picture, grim and awful, rise,
That on that morning met my eyes.

In the centre of the kitchen
Mid disorder most "bewitchin,"
Holding up one scorched and blistered hand,
Stood the one I'd known as John—
Just a sight to look upon,
In his boasted manhood, strong and grand.

On his blackened, smutty face,
Where the morning smile had place,
Rested now a frown as dark as night,
While the perspiration thin,
From his forehead to his chin,
Stood in drops stupendous to the sight.

By the table, on a chair,
Stood our baby, once so fair,
Looking like some witching elf unreal—
For his dress was wrong side out,
And his bib was turned about,
While his toes stopped at his stocking heel.

One tiny shoe he flourished free,
Laughing in his baby glee.
'Twas like some wild, fantastic dream I
From the jar that stood before,
On the table, chair and floor,
Splashed he out the white and foamy cream.

The potatoes boiled away,
Just a starchy substance gray,
Through some chemic change of mystic gloom,
And the meat with seeming will
Burned and seared, and sizzled still,
Spreading clouds of smoke throughout the room.

And the bread, forgot an hour,
Stood there sullen, dark and sour;
While no coffee warm or cold had place—
And our little girl and boy,
Ever our delight and joy,
Gazed, each with a frightened, tearful face.

I said no word of idle boasting,
I gave no regal, proud command.
With cloth and oil, and sweet compassion,
I bound the smarting, blistered hand.
Then out of chaos sought to draw
Forth order—heaven's highest law.

And when the eventide had fallen,
With shadows quiet dark and chill
The children each were softly sleeping,
And all the world seemed calm and still;
Then John, by some great impulse led,
Drew near his chair and gently said:

"My wife, I have been sadly blinded;
Your work to me seemed very small;
I thought I owned the farm and cattle
Because I did the labor all.
Henceforth I'll cease to doubt or sneer,
Or even talk of woman's sphere;

For it is broader, deeper, higher
Than I have ever reached or grown,
And as I cannot comprehend it,
I'll seek to find and fill my own.
No more I'll point a scorning hand
At what I do not understand.

I find that you can do my labor,
As yours I failed the opening term—
So henceforth you shall be the senior
In our little farming firm."
I only smiled and shook my head,
'An equal partner, John," I said.
—*Emma Train in The Good Templar of Canada.*

HOW TO FURNISH THE SICK ROOM.

The room should be light and, if possible, sunny. Sunshine has a "royal touch" for curing diseases. The windows should have two sets of shades, light and dark. By drawing the latter the room may be darkened more readily and neatly than by pinning up a black shawl, and the sick one will get a more refreshing nap if the glare of the light is softened. Keep the air fresh and sweet. In addition to the windows, it is well to have a transom, or, still better, ventilators at the top and bottom of a room. An open grate fire is the best mode of heating, and, even if furnace or steam heat be used, a slight grate fire improves the ventilation. Even in summer a small lamp may be kept burning in a grate to advantage. If the room contains a set bowl, attention to the plumbing and draining must be most careful. The plug should always be kept in, and the holes at the top of the bowl stopped up as an extra precaution. Rather than get one whiff of noxious gas, the pipes should be cut and sealed. If the walls are papered, be sure there is no arsenic in the paper. Have a sample examined by a chemist. Take care, also, that the figure is not annoying to the invalid. A painted wall is much cleaner, and is more easily kept clean by wiping with a damp cloth. The hardwood or painted floor seems to me best. Have rugs enough about so that no disturbance will be caused by footsteps. The rugs should be frequently shaken, and the floor wiped with a damp cloth. In gathering up and laying the rugs, do not raise the dust, as it is very annoying and, with a consumptive, very likely to cause a fit of coughing. All hangings should be made of "wash" fabrics. Woollen hangings serve only to collect dust, retain odors and interfere with free circulation of air. If a portiere seems advisable, it must needs be of a heavy material, but keep it well shaken. The bed should be long enough. Too short a bed is no uncommon occurrence, and produces much discomfort. A somewhat narrow bed is best. It should be wide enough to turn or roll over in, yet so narrow as to allow free access to the invalid from either side. An open bedstead is desirable, that is, one in which the mattress is thoroughly exposed to the air. The metallic, iron or brass bedsteads are excellent in this respect. Let the mattress be not too soft, and free from lumps. Have it made over if necessary for comfort. By the bedside, within easy reach of the sick one, should be a little table or stand. On account of the liability to accident from overturning things, this is best covered with a washable cover. Keep this fresh and clean. Avoid letting this stand get littered up, especially with soiled medicine glasses and bottles. Wash the medicine glasses as soon as they are used and keep them well polished. The invalid should have some means of calling her nurse or friend. Heavy upholstered chairs are out of place in the sick room, with the exception of one for the invalid. Rattan chairs are light, clean and durable, and do not retain odors. Nothing need be said in regard to the other furniture, such as bureau, wardrobe, commode, etc., except, keep it clean. A screen is to the sick room what a pin is to a woman—ever useful. It should be light, strong, not top heavy, and six feet high. Its uses are many, and it is also artistic. It shields from draughts, from sight, from interruption; it may have a beauty in itself; it may hide a skeleton. A very handsome screen may be had at slight expense, and will soon pay for itself in comfort. Make the room bright and attractive, keep it clean and homelike, and you will be doing much for the patient.—*Selected.*

UNHEADING THE BARREL.

A friend told me the other day a little incident in his life which carries with it an important lesson. He was a very delicate boy, and as such had always, as he expressed it, "been coddled." He had been spared everything possible in the way of exertion. No physical tasks had been put upon him, and he had been held back to a large degree from those he undertook of himself. One day, however, when a barrel of flour came into the house the boy got the hammer and started to unhead it. His father, who was a handy man about the house, and who always did these little necessary domestic jobs, at once came forward, and putting out his hand for the hammer, said, "I'll do that, my son." "But, father," remonstrated the boy, "if I don't do these things how will I ever learn how to do them?" "You are right, my son," said the father. "I had not thought of it in that way before." And he gave him back the hammer, and the lad proceeded to open the barrel in a proper manner.

The father made the mistake which so many parents do. He had always opened the flour barrels. He knew how; could do it deftly. In a way, I suppose, he enjoyed doing it. It was, in many respects, better that he should do it than his son. But it would probably fall to the son's lot in future days to unhead flour barrels. He could learn a good deal, of course, about the process by watching his father; but no watching was equal to doing the work with his own hands. This element the father did not take into account.

The temptation with parents is to do the necessary things in the household themselves rather than be "bothered" with showing their children how. It saves time and trouble and material. The results are, on the whole, better—that is, the results in the task itself. But the results on the children's characters and lives are not so good. John may cut the plank too short, and bend and break a good many nails before he gets the flooring of the shed loft properly repaired. But John's father may not live to see his son grow up to manhood, while John's training may be of great help to his widowed mother in keeping things snug when the father has gone away forever. Mary may waste some flour and make more or less of a "muss" as she essays to prepare a baking of bread. But one of these days, in the numerous domestic fluctuations to which our households are subject, the servant may be missing, and Mary's knowledge of bread-making may be an inestimable help to her overburdened mother. At any rate, when Mary sets up a home of her own, it will be vastly better for her to go into it with a knowledge of bread-making, and what that knowledge implies, than to be obliged to acquire that knowledge then.—*Christian at Work.*

CLEANLINESS, COOKING AND NEEDLEWORK.

Some people consider a woman a good housekeeper if her rooms are always in order and no dust is allowed to settle upon her furniture. Another is called a good housekeeper because she has a knack for cooking, and her table is bountifully supplied with well-chosen and well-prepared food. A third depends for her reputation as a housekeeper upon her faithful and expert darning; she cuts the sheets in two when they become worn in the middle, she makes napkins of her half-worn tablecloths, she keeps her children neatly clad, and is always immersed in sewing.

It is seldom that any one woman excels in these three departments—as seldom as any one is to be found who is at the same time rich, handsome and clever; and even if a housekeeper existed who combined great neatness, facility in cooking and deftness with the needle, she might still fail of being a good housekeeper.

In the first place, what is the object of housekeeping? Is it solely to keep a house clean? Heaven forbid. Is it to provide well-cooked meals? Any properly conducted restaurant can do that. Is it to send forth its members fashionably attired? A seamstress would accomplish that better than nine-tenths of the mothers. The object of housekeeping is no one of these, but all of them, and a great deal more. It is to keep the household, first well, and second happy. These two objects are really one, for no household can be happy which is chronically unhealthy.

It is necessary, in order that a family should be well, that the walls of its house, its floors, its windows, its beds, the clothes and bodies of its members, should be kept scrupulously clean. Yet, by becoming a monomaniac on the subject of cleanliness, the main purpose of the housekeeper is frustrated. The happiness of a family is ruined if things in the house cannot be used for fear of smirching them, if the heedless childish feet are to be followed everywhere by the dust-brush and pan, and if continual scoldings are to be delivered for the breaking of rules.

No household is healthy where the food provided is not wholesome. A family to which rich viands are often served cannot be well. Plain savory steaks and roasts, oysters and clams in their season, carefully cooked cereals and vegetables, fresh milk and eggs, light, thoroughly baked bread and plenty of ripe fruit—these are the only suitable articles for regular daily living. Warm bread, cakes, pies, pickles, fried food, puddings and confections, and strong tea and coffee, can be enjoyed by most people, sometimes with impunity, but in families where they are frequently served it will be found that there is also frequent illness; children out of school two or three days at a time, and the elders periodically laid up with sick headaches or attacks of neuralgia. "My stomach has nothing to do with my illness," they say. "Oh no; it is my nerves." As though nerves were not dependent, alas! upon digestion!

Then there are the careful adjustment of clothing to the temperature, the ventilation of sleeping-rooms and the regulation of sleeping hours, the management of baths, and a dozen other considerations, which the good housekeeper must supervise. Thus it goes. She who would keep her household in good condition must be constantly intelligent and on the alert, balancing this duty against that, deciding upon the most important.—*Harper's Bazar.*

CUSTARD CAKE FILLING.—Boil one cup of sweet milk to which has been added four tablespoons sugar, two of butter and three of flour. Stir the flour to a smooth paste with a little of the milk, before adding it to the other ingredients. When well boiled, add the beaten whites of two eggs, and lemon extract to taste. It is also nice made with the yolks instead of the whites of eggs.

PUZZLES—No. 22.

GOSPEL ENIGMA.

I'm in worship not in pray,
I'm in master not in say,
I'm in famous not in meek,
I'm in slender not in sleek,
I'm in daughter not in son,
I'm in fifty not in one,
I'm in shallow not in deep
I'm in wither not in keep,
I'm in nature not in air,
I'm in handsome not in fair.
My whole: An invitation.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

MOUNTAIN ACROSTIC.

1. Mount on which Aaron died.
2. Mount on which the ark rested.
3. Mount on which Solomon built the temple.
4. Mount ascended by David in affliction.
5. Mount in which Moses died.
6. Mount into which the Lord commanded Moses to go and see the promised land.
7. The mount of God.

Initials give the name of a city in a valley spoken of by Ezekiel.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

RIGMAROLE.

I. Across: 1. A wild beast. 2. Rescued. 3. Kind of chair. 4. Used by tutors. 5. A rich personage. Down: 1. A consonant. 2. Is. 3. A light producer. 4. Always. 5. A military parapet. 6. Material. 7. Catch. 8. Negative. 9. A consonant.

II. Across: 1. The stay of the world. 2. Good in the desert. 3. Useful in the rapids. 4. To apportion. 5. Famous rebellion. Down: 1. A vowel. 2. Part of the toe. 3. Baby's place. 4. Birthplace of Buddhism. 5. Parts of windows. 6. Humbled in the dust. 7. At the head. 8. Towards. 9. A query.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 20.

GOSPEL ENIGMA.—"Go and see." Mark 6, 38.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.—1. Ezek., 36, 10. 2. Amos 3, 3. 3. Matt. 27, 43. 4. Mark 1, 15.

HALF SQUARES.

No. 1.	No. 2.
CHASED	ALTERS
HIRED	LEAVE
AREA	TAKE
SEA	EVE
RED	RE
D	S

The Family Circle.

ANOTHER ME.

[An answer to Grace Denio Litchfield's poem "My Other Me."]

O children in the valley,
Do you ever chance to meet
A little maid I used to know,
With lightly tripping feet?

Her name is Alice, and her heart
Is happy as the day;
I pray you, greet her kindly,
If she should cross your way.

But you needn't bring her back to me;
To tell the truth, you know,
I have no wish to be again
That child of long ago.

Of course, it's lovely to be young,
Sheltered from heat and cold;
But let me whisper in your ear;
"It's nice, too, to be old,"

You see, my lessons are all learned;
Avoir and *etre* I know
Clear through, subjunctive, *que* and all,
That used to bother so.

Geometry I touch no more;
And history I read
Instead of learning it by heart
As I had to once, indeed.

It's true, I don't read fairy tales
With quite the zest of yore;
But then I write them with a zest
I never felt before.

Of course, I'm very old: but then,
If I wish to play, you see,
There is up here upon the heights
Another little me.

He's ten years old and he's a boy;
A mischievous young elf;
But I like him every bit as well
As I used to like myself.

You needn't send that little girl,
Whose heart was full of joy,
Back to me now; I'd rather keep,
Instead of her, my boy?

Don't fear to climb, dear children,
So slowly day by day,
Out of the happy valley
Up to the heights away.

I know it's lovely to be young,
Sheltered from heat and cold;
But let me whisper in your ear:
"It's nicer to be old."

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

—*St. Nicholas.*

"HAVE YOU SEEN MOSE-S?"

BY EVELYN RAYMOND.

It was the saddest sound I ever heard. The first day it set my mind continually wandering from the work in hand; on the second it exasperated me; but on the third I felt that I must answer the mournful question in the affirmative or go mad.

"Have you seen—Mose-s?"

Over and over again, with its pathetic iteration, its little catching of the breath before the final word, and that emphasis upon the second one which made it such a personal matter. I heard it from the bar across the hall, from among the group of loungers on the hotel stoop, beside me at the post-office window, all up and down the straggling street—everywhere throughout the small mining town in which the interests of my employers had stranded me.

To the credit of my kind I must say that I rarely heard an impatient retort given to the appealing inquiry. Rough miners would break off in the middle of an oath and answer with unlooked-for gentleness: "No, Pop; I hain't seen him."

Some would merely smile and shake their heads kindly, and one exceptional brute would thrust his hand in his vest-pocket—the abomination of the chestnut-bell had just gravitated to Boomville—and ring his little admonition in the other's ear. He had done this for the second time within my hearing and within the space of an hour, when I could bear it no longer. I wheeled around from the table, strewn with the company's maps and charts, and demanded, savagely: "Who is that man, and what does he mean by that eternal question?"

The landlady—she was landlord as well, her husband being a poor thing with good clothes on—stopped dusting and looked at me gratefully. She had disturbed my solitude unceremoniously enough, and I had at first resented it; till I found out that the poor creature had come "from Cawncord way," and was suffering for news of far-off New Hampshire. After satisfying her to the best of my ability, and having regretfully assured her that I did not know "the Dows from 'round Contoocook," she had still hovered near me. She felt, no doubt, that I had almost the claim of relationship upon her hospitality because I had passed through Concord on my way to the West, and had had the good fortune to be born among the granite hills of her native State.

She sat down near me. "The poor fellow is—well, nobody knows, exactly. He came to Boomville some months ago. He had a son with him, and he told me that it was on account of the boy's health. He bought a little tract of land out toward the gulch, and put up a shanty. He didn't seem to care much whether he made any money or not. If the boy felt like work, work it was; if he didn't, it was all one to his father. So it 'peared, any way. He was the handsomest young chap that ever set foot in this city"—the "city" boasted one street and a few houses—"but any one could see at a glance that he wasn't right in his head."

"Insanity?"

"No; it didn't 'pear that way. I kind of pieced it out that the boy, Moses, had been at college and overworked. The father hadn't no learning to speak of—not more'n the general run of folks; but that's common enough in New England. There's nothing a Yankee thinks so much of as education. If the parents don't have a chance themselves they will try all the harder to give their children a show."

"What did you say the man's name was?"

"I didn't say. I don't know. That's the worst of it—nobody knows. The old man—though I ought not to call him that, for he isn't more than fifty—used to say to the boy: 'Mose-s'—same's you hear him now—but the boy himself never was heard to say anything that folks could understand."

"Yet when they bought their land there must have been some name revealed in the transaction."

"I suppose there was. Only the company he dealt with all went to smash a few days afterward, and their agent vanished. They didn't have any more right to the land, anyhow, than you or I have, and you know how much that is. Nobody molested the pair, and they would have been there yet if it hadn't have been for the cyclone."

"Did it blow their wits away?" It was such tedious work getting at the few facts of the old man's story, that I was fast losing my patience.

The landlady looked at me in mild reproach, as if I had jested with a sacred subject. I found that I had.

"That is exactly what it did do."

"What!" I cried, in astonishment. The woman seemed to expect me to believe her startling statement.

"That is exactly what it did do," she repeated with grave distinctness. "It swept through the gulch, and there wasn't much dirt left when it got done its work, now I can tell you. Afterward, when the men from here went up to the camp to see if anybody was left alive, they found 'Pop' lying in the bottom of the canon. They thought he was dead at first, and started to bring him into town just to bury him; but Jim Corson, the veterinary, he said that he reckoned there was some little life left in the man, and after he had worked over him a spell he found that he was right. We pieced it out that he had been blown off the bluff where his cabin had stood and landed in the ravine; but whatever became of 'Mose-s,' no one has heard from that day to this. 'Pop'—he goes by that name everywhere now, seeing that he doesn't know any other—was sick more'n a month right here in this house. I tended him, and I never heard him say one thing the whole 'during time, only just that heart-breakin' question, 'Have you seen—Mose-s?' He had struck his head, and every other idee 'peared to have left it except that he had lost his boy and must find him. Here he comes, now. Be kind to him, neighbor: how do you know but that he hails from Cawncord?"

How, indeed? Yet, even without that recommendation to my sympathy, I should have been "kind" to the harmless mental wreck whom chance had thrown in my path.

He attached himself to me from the beginning, and in a short time became the constant companion of my walks. He was always silent, save for that pitiful query which it is quite likely that I heard less than any one else, but which after a long interval of silence he would suddenly propound. He would toss back the iron-gray locks from his worn face and look up into my eyes with that wide, wondering glance of his: "Have you—seen Mose-s?" and would impassively receive my sorrowful, negative shake of the head. Evidently he expected no other reply; that is, if his brain had any power of expectation left within its convolutions.

When I left Boomville, I parted from "Pop" with real regret. He was so patient, so faithful, so unobtrusive, that his society was more like that of some devoted animal than of any human being; and those who had lived much with the companionship of a favorite dog or horse will understand that there are times when their silent presence is vastly more agreeable than that of one's own kind.

As I journeyed farther into the wilds, sometimes meeting not more than one or two fellow-creatures in the course of a long day's ride, I found myself recurring with strange persistence to "Pop's" pathetic story, and half impelled to ask of each traveller whom I met: "Have you seen—Mose-s?"

What had become of the poor lad whose studiousness had been his ruin? Was he still alive? Had death set a final seal of silence upon his ruddy lips, or opened them to the freer speech of a larger life?

I do not now remember when it was impressed upon me that I should yet "see Mose-s;" but I became imbued with the idea very shortly after leaving Boomville. I did not go about making the inquiry which now seemed so natural to me, but I kept my eyes and ears well open. If Moses were still alive—and, probable as it might be, no proof of his death had ever yet been found—he could not have wandered very far away from the scene of the accident which had injured his father's brain.

He had been described to me as an extremely willing and handsome lad. Every one, white men and Indians alike, had been kind to him; there was an appeal in his silent helplessness which no one could resist.

The hopeful possibility was that he had attached himself to some company of trappers or miners; and as my business led me to visit many camps, I had an excellent opportunity of searching for the missing lad. I was the more determined in my endeavor by the thought that his restoration to his father might also serve to clear that father's clouded intelligence. For "Pop's" trouble was not insanity; I agreed with the landlady in that. It was a total suspension of memory and interest save on one point. It was like a clog in machinery that is only a temporary hinderance, and of no permanent injury once it is removed.

I was not at all surprised when I found him. I knew him at once from the description I had had, and from the intuition that I was destined so to do.

He was washing dishes in a mining camp where I had stopped to pass the night, and, as good fortune had it, I was on my return trip toward Boomville. After watching him closely for a little while I asked the miner sitting next me in the circle around the fire: "Where did that boy come from?"

"Hm-m; thar ye've got me, stranger. He come—nobody know from whar. He jest crawled inter camp one day, 'long last spring, e'ena'most dead with hunger, an' wore ter a shadder trampin'. When the boys ast him ter give er'count of hisself—he jest lookee at 'em an' laid right down on ther groun' an' went ter sleep. We see't he was clean beat out, an'—wall, we jest fed him an' took keer on him, so bein's he didn't 'pear ter know 'nough ter take keer on hisself. An' that's—all I er anybody knows."

"Does he never speak?"

"Look here! How d ye ever come ter ast that, I'd like ter know? Ever seen him afore? Er heern tell on him?"

I told him the story of poor "Pop's" misfortunes, the disappearance of his son, and my own ideas concerning it.

(To be Continued.)

HOW TO TAKE PART IN PRAYER-MEETING.

Be yourself. Do not try to be anybody else. I heard of some girls who said they would not take part in meeting because they could not talk like a certain young lady who attended. Suppose you are invited to take tea with a family consisting of a father, a mother, a young lady daughter, a boy twelve years old and a little girl four years old. You sit down to the table, and every one feels perfectly free. The father gives an item of news, perhaps about the President's trip. The mother tells something which she heard when calling the day before. The young lady describes an experiment tried at the high school. The boy repeats some verses which his teacher taught him. And by-and-by the little girl makes you all laugh by telling how the dog ran away with her doll. You think what a nice, pleasant family! how I am enjoying my visit!

On the other hand, suppose the little girl should say to herself, "Because I do not go to school, I am not going to say anything;" and the boy, "Because I am not in the high school, I am not going to say anything;" and the young lady, "Because I cannot talk like father and mother, I am not going to say anything." So they keep still. What would you think! Something like this, I imagine, "I wish I were at home; what a stiff family!"

Sometimes, I am afraid, when strangers come into your prayer-meeting, they wish they were at home, and think you are stiff because so many keep still. A prayer-meeting should be like a family circle, where every one, from the oldest to the youngest, feels perfectly free to speak of the things which are helping or hindering him in his spiritual life.—*Golden Rule.*

THE MASTER'S LETTER.

"James, I want you to come and see me at six o'clock, after you have left the works.

"Yours faithfully,———."

Promptly at the time the young man waited on his master, who had written him the above letter. When he entered the room, after a pause the gentleman looked up from his desk, and inquired, "Do you wish to see me, James?"

Somewhat surprised, holding out the note he had received, he said, "The letter, sir; the letter you sent me."

"Oh! I see; you got my letter. You believe I wanted to see you, and when I sent you the message, you came at once."

"Yes, sir, surely; what else could I do?"

"Well, James, you did quite right to come. See, here is another letter for you; will you attend to that?"

At the same time his master handed him a paper which he had written. James took hold of the paper, and read, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

As he read, his lips quivered, his eyes filled with tears. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he grasped his large red handkerchief, with which he covered his face, and there stood, not knowing what to do. At length he said, "Am I just to believe in the same way that I believed your letter?"

"Just in the same way," was the reply, "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater" (1 John 5. 9).

That night James saw it all, and went home a happy believer in his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He saw that he had to believe God and give him the same credit and confidence that he would give to the word or message of any trustworthy or business man that he met with in his daily life.—*Exchange.*

WHAT are aims which are at the same time duties? They are the perfecting of ourselves; the happiness of others.

THE LATE SIR PETER COATES.

This devoted Christian and eminent philanthropist was born in Paisley on July 18, 1808. His father, James Coates, who was well known there for his practical ingenuity and great force of character, had, in his early life, owing to the depressed state of trade in the town, enlisted as a soldier. After serving his time in the army, he walked from London to Paisley, reaching his native place with only 2s. 6d. in his pocket. On entering his humble home, he found his aged parents at tea; and he never forgot the salutation given him by his father:—"You are welcome, James, if you are here an honorable man." He, thereafter, settled down to work, and it was soon apparent to his relations and friends that he had lost nothing, but had gained much, by his connection with the army.

He turned his attention first to a branch of textile manufacture; but, on trade getting dull, he determined to give himself to thread-making, thinking that a machine which he had invented, or at least greatly improved, for his old business, would be equally useful in the new one. A small factory was accordingly erected in the west end of Paisley in 1826, and this was the beginning of the colossal structures which are now known all over the world as the Ferguslie Thread Works. It was only sixty-three feet long and two stories in height, whilst the machinery was driven by an engine of 12-horse power.

Finding that this new venture was to be a success, he, in 1830, assumed as partners his two oldest sons, James, and Peter the subject of this notice. James, the eldest son, died soon afterwards, and, in 1835, Thomas, a younger son, became a partner. From that date onwards the business prospered in an extraordinary degree, necessitating constant additions to the original building, until now forty acres are occupied by the works at Ferguslie, and between five and six thousand workers are employed attending machinery driven by twelve large engines of seven thousand indicated horse power; extensive mills have also been established at Pawtucket, Rhode Island; Montreal; and St. Petersburg.

For forty-eight years Mr. Coates toiled incessantly in watching over the development of this prosperous business, and many an anxious day did he have, because of the necessity of providing additional buildings and machinery to meet the orders which came pouring in upon the firm. The strain was so severe upon him at times that it told upon his health; but, as he had a wiry, vigorous constitution, he was never long away from business. The mercantile training which he had received in an office in Glasgow now stood him in good stead, whilst he was ably assisted by his younger brother, Thomas, who had served an apprenticeship as an engineer at Johnstone. As their father died in 1837, he had the satisfaction of seeing his sons at the head of a business which, resting on solid foundations, was evidently destined to have a great future. Shortly after the death, in 1877, of his wife, a daughter of Lieutenant Daniel Mackenzie, of Gloranna, Sir Peter retired from the active management of the business, although he remained the head of the firm; purchasing at the same time the beautiful estate of Auchendrane, on the banks of the Doon, in Ayrshire, whither he and the unmarried members of his family removed, to the great regret of the inhabitants of Paisley, in whose welfare, however, he continued to take a lively interest to the close of his life.

This brief sketch of his business career will lead the reader to infer that Sir Peter soon came into the possession of a large fortune. This was the case, for many years ago the saying of an old connection of the family was often repeated in Paisley, that whilst there was a proverb about lucky people being able to "gaither gowd in gowpens," the brothers Coates were able to lift it in shovelfuls. On some this inflowing of wealth would have had an evil effect; but these two brothers from their earliest days knew how to use the ample means they acquired. Brought up in a home where living religion was a power, they acquired tastes and habits which they never lost. They must have early consecrated themselves to the Lord, for when young men they enrolled themselves as members of the Storie-street Baptist church, where their father worshipped.

In 1844 Sir Peter, however, left this congregation and attached himself to the Secession church, in Oakshaw-street, of which his mother was a member. Although he joined a Presbyterian church he still retained the distinctive principle of the Baptist denomination, and none of his children were baptized in infancy.

Because of his Baptist principles, he did not accept office in the United Presbyterian church, but its good he uninterruptedly sought through life. He contributed very handsomely to its funds, and spoke warmly at many a meeting in favor of its schemes of usefulness. When any big financial difficulty had to be faced, he was among the first to show how it could be overcome. Frequent references were made in the Synod of this church to his magnificent liberality, and were its manses searched for testimonies to his private kindnesses to their inmates, these would be heartily given. He had, indeed, a particularly warm interest in ministers of all denominations, whom he honored for their work's sake. No pastor raising money to build a church or manse was ever sent empty-handed from his door. When the Paisley congregation with which he was connected had to build a new church his subscription

THE LATE SIR PETER COATES.

amounted to £3,000; and, when declining strength kept him at Auchendrane, or sent him to winter at Algiers, he built at both places beautiful churches in which he and his neighbors might gather to worship God. He was an ardent friend of missions, and took special delight in circulating the Scriptures. The National Bible Society of Scotland owed much to him, and honored his services in a fitting way by appointing him to the President's chair, and retaining him on the Board of Directors.

But his interest in Christ's cause did not manifest itself only along Church lines, for he was imbued with the spirit of the Good Samaritan, and literally went about with this question ever present to his mind, "To whom can I show myself neighborly?" No society that sought to grapple with the want and woe around him appealed in vain for help, and, if it was in his power, he assisted them by acting on the board of management, or commending them from the platform in speeches which were always characterised by clear thought and fine feeling. Hence in the West of Scotland there was scarcely an Association of a philanthropic character but had his name on the list, either of its acting or honorary directors. He never tired of this work; and it is not too much to say that his never-failing enthusiasm in well-doing largely explained that bright cheerfulness of manner which was his to the very last. Here, too, the extent of his benefactions will never be known, as he gave away much privately to help friends and acquaintances through times of difficulty, or to lighten the lot of the poor.

What brought him most prominently before the public as a philanthropist was the gift to his native town of a free library and museum, to which was afterwards added a picture gallery. This beautiful building, which adorns the main street of Paisley, must have cost him £30,000, and in its erection and equipment he took the liveliest interest. It is proving a great blessing to the town, 52,000 volumes having been issued to readers last year, whilst the visitors to the reading-room averaged 500 a day, and to the museum and picture gallery 3000 a month. For these splendid act of beneficence he was knighted by the Queen; and some years afterwards he and his brother Thomas were presented with their portraits subscribed for by their grateful fellow-townsmen.

For a few years back he has been in the habit of spending the winter at Algiers, where he died of paralysis, on Sunday, March 9. The stroke affected his speech, and all that he was able to articulate were the simple yet suggestive words, "Pray," and a little later, "Nearly Home." His was a sudden call, but it came to him at a ripe old age, for he had entered his eighty-second year. It found him prepared to go home, after a singularly beautiful and useful career, in which he had commended the Gospel to all who came within the sphere of his influence by the winning gentleness of manner, loving regard for the will of his Master, and unceasing acts of disinterested kindness.—*The Christian.*

PRESERVE THE TREES.

Ten years ago a single country-seat stood upon the bank of a wide inlet of the sea on the New Jersey coast. Wooded hills shouldered each other along the beach, from the sides of which magnificent views of sea and land opened to the horizon.

A few wealthy people with taste bought this place, and built simple but beautiful houses. Not a tree nor a shrub was disturbed; the first principle of their art was to reverence nature. In consequence the ground in this village is sold now at almost fabulous prices, so eager are the wealthy denizens of New York and Philadephia to find something like primitive nature in which to rest during the summer.

A few miles farther down the same coast a little peninsula projects into the sea. It was ten years ago covered with heavy pine forests, with marshes stretching, bronzed and crimson, in the sun, with great jungles of bay bushes, gray with their waxen berries, through which tiger-lilies flamed; and pink morning-glories and white yarrow were massed together. The spot was so exquisite in its beauty that it was haunted by artists every year.

But some of the owners of the land became ambitious to give it "a boom." They hoped to tempt city buyers by making it a poor imitation of a city.

The trees were cut down; enormous clay streets were run at right angles, sunny marshes, tangles of flowers, crooked and lovely lanes all were swept away; hideous, cheap "Queen Anne" cottages were ranged along the muddy streets, streets-cars were run, pool-rooms, livery stables and candy-shops were opened. The last belated butterfly flapped its wings over the "avenues," searching in vain for a shady nook, and disappeared.

The "city" was finished, ready for the people, but the people did not come. They were tired of wide streets and stately houses in winter, and why should they come to this mean imitation of them in summer? They went on, like the butterfly, to find quiet and shade with nature. The lots on this place can now be bought for a nominal sum.

Beauty is a rare possession, and commands a high money value. It would be wise, if but from the most sordid motives, to preserve the repose of the wildness, the inimitable charm of nature, which they are in such eager haste to destroy.—*Youth's Companion.*

MAMMA'S HAND AND JESUS' HAND.

A dear little child of three years of age lay dying. Father, mother, physician, friends, had done all in their power to stay the hand of death, but in vain. The mother bent over him in speechless agony. How could she give him up—her beautiful boy, her darling, her treasure? How lonely the house would be without the little prattler?

But love could not keep him, and the last moments of life were ebbing away. All were watching in breathless suspense for the silent messenger. Suddenly the dear child gazed around him, placed one little hand in his mother's, and stretching the other one out as if clasping another, his lips moved, and these are the precious words he uttered:

"One hand is mamma's, and one hand is Jesus'."

And thus, protected with the care of his two best friends, he took the short step from one to the other.—*Exchange.*

A GOOD BRIDGE.

Some English papers are complaining that only a very small proportion of the children in the Sunday schools ever become members of the church, only a trifle over one percent each year, and this, allowing eight or ten years as the average Sunday-school life of the child, would bring into the churches only about ten percent of the Sunday-school scholars, so that ninety out of every hundred drift away. We do not know what the proportion may be in this country; but we do know that thousands of pastors have found the Christian Endeavor Society a safe bridge between the Sunday-school and the church. Over this bridge tens of thousands of young people have walked into the church of God. Last year, as nearly as could be estimated, in a single twelvemonth nearly one-half of the associate members of these societies became active members, and also members of the church in the various Evangelical denominations.—*Golden Rule.*

It is Frequently Said that man was made for happiness. The truth is, man was made for duty. Happiness is the natural result of duty faithfully done.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts."—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

"I've finished my book, and now what can I do till this tiresome rain is over?" exclaimed Carrie, as she laid back on the couch with a yawn of weariness.

"Take another and better book; the house is full of them, and this is a rare chance for a feast on the best," answered Alice, looking over the pile of volumes in her lap, as she sat on the floor before one of the tall book-cases that lined the room.

"Not being a book-worm like you, I can't read forever; and you needn't sniff at my book, for its perfectly thrilling!" said Carrie, regretfully turning the crumpled leaves of a cheap copy of a sentimental and impossible novel.

"We should read to improve our minds, and that rubbish is only a waste of time," began Alice, in a warning tone, as she looked up from "Romola," over which she had been poring with the delight one feels in meeting an old friend.

"I don't wish to improve my mind, thank you; I read for amusement in vacation time and don't want to see any moral works till next October. I get enough of them in school. This isn't 'rubbish'. It's full of fine descriptions of scenery—"

"Which you skip by the page; I've seen you do it," said Eva, the third young girl in the library, as she shut up the stout book on her knee and began to knit, as if this sudden outburst of chat disturbed her enjoyment of "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest."

"I do at first, being carried away by my interest in the people, but I almost always go back and read them afterward," protested Carrie. "You know you like to hear about nice clothes, and this heroine's were simply gorgeous; white velvet and a rope of pearls in one costume; gray velvet and a silver girdle another; and Idalia was all a 'shower of perfumed laces,' and scarlet and gold satin mask dresses, or primrose silk with violets, so lovely! I do revel in 'em!"

Both girls laughed as Carrie reeled off this list of elegances with the relish of a French modiste.

"Well, I'm poor and can't have as many pretty things as I want, so it is delightful to read about women who wear white quilted satin dressing gowns and olive velvet trains with Mechlin lace sweepers to them. Diamonds as large as nuts, and rivers of opals and sapphires and rubies and pearls, are great fun to read of, if you never even get a look at real ones. We never see such languid swells in America, nor such ladies, and the author scolds them all, and that's moral, I'm sure."

Carrie paused, out of breath; but Alice shook her head again, and said in her serious way:

"That's the harm of it all. False and foolish things are made interesting, and we read for that, not for any lesson there may be hidden under the velvet and jewels and fine words of your splendid men and women. Now this book is a wonderful picture of Florence in old times, and the famous people who really lived are painted in it, and it has a true and clean moral that we all can see, and one feels wiser and better for reading it. I do wish you'd leave those trashy things and try something really good."

"I hate George Eliot,—so awfully wise and preachy and dismal! I really couldn't wade through 'Daniel Deronda,' though 'The Mill on the Floss' wasn't bad," answered Carrie, with another yawn, as she recalled the Jew Mordecai's long speeches, and Daniel's meditations.

"I know you'd like this," said Eva, patting her book with an air of calm content; for she was a modest, common-sense little body, full of innocent fancies and the mildest sort of romance. "I love dear Miss Yonge and her books, with their nice, large families, and their trials, and their pious ways, and pleasant homes full of brothers and sisters, and good fathers and mothers. I'm never tired of them, and have read 'Daisy Chain' nine times at least."

"I used to like them, and still think them good for young girls, with our own 'Queechy' and 'Wide, Wide World,' and books of that kind. Now I'm eighteen, I prefer stronger novels, and books by great men and women, because these are always talked about by cultivated people, and when I go into Society next winter I wish to be able to listen intelligently, and to know what to admire."

"That's all very well for you, Alice; you were always poking over books, and I dare say you will write them some day, or be a blue-stocking. But I have another year to study and fuss over my education, and I'm going to enjoy myself all I can, and leave the wise books till I come out."

"But, Carrie, there won't be any time to read them; you'll be so busy with parties, and beaux, and travelling, and such things. I would take Alice's advice and read up a little now; it's so nice to know useful things, and be able to find help and comfort in good books when trouble comes, as Ellen Montgomery and Fleda did, and Ethel, and the other girls in Miss Yonge's stories," said Eva earnestly, remembering how much the efforts of those natural little heroines had helped her in her own struggles for self-control and the cheerful bearing of the burdens which come to all.

"I don't want to be a priggish Ellen, or a moral Fleda, and I do detest bothering about self-improvement all the time. I know I ought, but I'd rather wait another year or two, and enjoy my vanities in peace, just a little longer." And Carrie tucked her novel under the sofa pillow, as if a trifle ashamed of its society, with Eva's innocent eyes upon her own, and Alice sadly regarding her over the rampart of wise books, which kept growing higher as the eager girl found more and more treasures in this richly stored library.

A little silence followed, broken only by the patter of the rain without, the crackle of the wood fire within, and the scratch of a busy pen from a curtained recess at the end of a long room. In the sudden hush the girls heard it and remembered that they were not alone.

"She must have heard every word we said!" and Carrie sat up with a dismayed face as she spoke in a whisper.

Eva laughed, but Alice shrugged her shoulders, and said tranquilly, "I don't mind. She wouldn't expect much wisdom from school-girls."

This was cold comfort to Carrie, who was painfully conscious of having been a particularly silly school-girl just then. So she gave a groan and lay down again, wishing she had not expressed her views quite so freely.

The three girls were the guests of a delightful old lady who had known their mothers and was fond of renewing her acquaintance with them through their daughters. She loved young people, and every summer invited parties of them to enjoy the delights of her beautiful country-house, where she lived alone now, being the childless widow of a somewhat celebrated man. She made it very pleasant for her guests, leaving them free to employ a part of the day as they liked, providing the best of company at dinner, gay revels in the evening, and a large houseful of curious and interesting things to examine at their leisure.

The rain had spoiled a pleasant plan, and business letters had made it necessary for Mrs. Warburton to leave the three to their own devices after luncheon. They had read quietly for several hours, and their hostess was just finishing her last letter, when fragments of the conversation reached her ear. She listened with amusement, unconscious that they had forgotten her presence, finding the different views very characteristic, and easily explained by the difference of the homes out of which the three friends came.

Alice was the only daughter of a scholarly man and a brilliant woman; therefore her love of books and desire to cultivate her mind was very natural, but the danger in her case would be in the neglect of other things equally important, too varied reading, and a superficial knowledge of many authors rather than a true appreciation of a few of the best and greatest. Eva was one of many children in a happy home, with a busy father, a pious mother, and many domestic cares as well as joys already falling to a dutiful girl's lot. Her instincts were sweet and unspoiled, and she only needed to be shown where to find new and better helpers for the real trials of life, when the childish heroines she loved could no longer serve her in the years to come.

(To be Continued.)

DAN'S APRON STRINGS.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.

"Dan, we've got some fun on hand for to-night. Don't you want to come along with us?"

"What are you up to now?" and Dan looked up from the pencil he was elaborately sharpening.

"Well, old Mr. Walton has some watermelons that are just in splendid order, and we are thinking of a moonlight expedition that will wind up in the neighborhood of his melon patch. Come on, and we'll have lots of fun. There are only four going, besides you and I."

Dan hesitated. It was his great weakness that he could not say "No" manfully, and stick to it, when he was asked to do anything which he knew to be wrong, and his companions were so well acquainted with this trait in his character that they knew a little persistence would finally make him yield to any suggestion, even if he did weakly oppose it at first.

"I don't believe I care much about going this time," he said, as Howard waited for an answer. "I'm too fond of my bed after I once get there to care about leaving it again, and I don't think mother would like the idea of taking Mr. Walton's melons anyhow."

"Tied to her apron strings, are you?" said Howard scornfully, using the argument which boys usually find so potent. "Don't be so foolish, Dan. Come on, and have some fun. We enjoy things twice as much when you're around; you're such a jolly fellow. You'll have a good time if you come."

Thus ridiculed and flattered in the same breath, Dan could not resist the temptation to yield to Howard's invitation, though he would gladly have been left out of the proposed expedition, if it could have been accomplished in any easier way than by saying "No."

Twelve o'clock that night saw him stealing noiselessly down stairs, his shoes in his hand, lest he should awaken any of the household. Opening the back door quietly, he crept out into the quiet moonlight as silently as a thief, and joined the rest of the party, who were waiting for him at the gate. It was quite a walk to the melon patch, and Dan had begun to enjoy the excitement by the time they reached the fence, and the uncomfortable reminders of conscience had ceased. No more favorable night for an expedition could have been chosen, the boys thought, as they scaled the low fence and began to cut the melons. They cut into the largest and finest, throwing them aside if they were not fully ripe, without any regard for Mr. Walton's feelings when he should find the results of their night's work.

At last they found one that they unanimously agreed was just ready to eat, and they had gathered about it to begin their feast when they heard a loud, hoarse baying and the rattling of a chain. They sprang to their feet in alarm.

"Old Cicero has broken his chain, I do believe," cried Howard. "Quick, we must get up in that tree or he'll attack us."

The melon lay untasted and forgotten while the boys rushed to a place of safety in the branches of a large apple-tree, as they saw the dark figure of the dog coming toward them in great bounds, the chain rattling as he dragged it over the ground. Dan was the last to reach the tree, and he had just drawn himself up into the lower branches when Cicero sprang at him. Fortunately he was just beyond the reach of the old mastiff's sharp teeth, and he trembled as he looked down at the furious dog, who barked loudly as he sprang in vain at his prisoners.

"He'll bring Mr. Walton down after us if he keeps this barking up," Howard said, angrily, as he tried unsuccessfully to soothe the dog by coaxing words. His fears were justified, for presently, in the clear moonlight, they could see Mr. Walton with his stout stick in his hand walking down the field.

The boys drew back among the thick, sheltering leaves, hoping that they would not be seen and recognized, but Mr. Walton quickly guessed that Cicero was guarding the tree to some purpose, and without trying to identify the prisoners, whose boyish figures he could but imperfectly see, he bade Cicero guard them, and walked leisurely back to the house.

At first the boys were relieved at the thought of escaping immediate detection and punishment; but as the hours wore slowly away, they grew stiff and cramped in their uncomfortable positions, which they dared not change lest they should fall and be in Cicero's power, and they began to wish that Mr. Walton had called them down, for there was no hope that the faithful mastiff would desert his charge and let them escape. They began to blame each other for the predicament they were in, and quarrelling did not make them any more comfortable.

The long night wore away and morning dawned, but still Cicero lay watchful at the foot of the tree and Mr. Walton did not come. Not until the old gentleman finished his breakfast did he go down to relieve his prisoners.

A shame-faced set of boys descended the tree when he called Cicero off, and when the old gentleman saw their mortification and remembered the long hours of suspense they had endured in the tree, he concluded that they had been punished enough, and let them off with a sharp reproof.

"I didn't want to go from the very first, I truly didn't," Dan said that night when he was telling his mother all about it. "But, you see, the boys teased me about being tied to your apron strings, and so"—

"And so you thought you would rather be tied to theirs, and they led you into trouble and disgrace," said his mother. "Dan, dear, after this stop and think where the apron strings will lead you before you yield to them, and if they draw you anywhere that you know is unsafe grou[nd] break away from them. I don't [k]now but that you will find your mother's [a]pron strings the safest for some time. [D]esert them until you find safer ones [t]hat will not lead you astray."

I think this is good advice to all boys.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

HOW IT PAID.

Specific instances are often more effective than generalizations, however stupendous. Is not the following suggestive? At Clarinda, Iowa, the year before prohibition there were five saloons paying a license of $500 each. Besides this a tax of one per cent was called for to pay the running expenses of the town. At the end of the year the town was in debt, but the next year, after the saloon was outlawed, a one half percent tax paid the running expenses of the town and left a surplus in the treasury.—*National W.C.T.U. Bulletin.*

Now, let us talk a little, if you're tired of reading," said Mrs. Warburton.

PANSIES.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

(Continued.)

Carrie was one of the ambitious yet common-place girls who wished to shine, without knowing the difference between the glitter of a candle which attracts moths, and the serene light of a star, or the cheery glow of a fire around which all love to gather. Her mother's aims were not high; and the two pretty daughters knew that she desired good matches for them, educated them for that end, and expected them to do their parts when the time came. The elder sister was now at a watering-place with her mother, and Carrie hoped that a letter would soon come telling her that Mary was settled. During her stay with Mrs. Warburton she had learned a great deal, and was unconsciously contrasting the life there with the frivolous one at home, made up of public show and private sacrifice of comfort, dignity and peace. Here were people who dressed simply, enjoyed conversation, kept up their accomplishments even when old, and were so busy, lovable, and charming, that poor Carrie often felt vulgar, ignorant, and mortified among them, in spite of their fine breeding and kindliness. The society Mrs. Warburton drew about her was the best; and old and young, rich and poor, wise and simple, all seemed genuine, glad to give or receive, enjoy and rest, and then go out to their work refreshed by the influences of the place and the sweet old lady who made it what it was. The girls would soon begin life for themselves, and it was well that they had this little glimpse of good society before they left the choice of homes to choose friends, pleasures and pursuits for themselves, as all young women do when once launched.

There was a sudden silence and then the whispers suggested to the listener that she had perhaps heard something not meant for her ear, so she presently emerged with her letters, and said, as she came smiling toward the group about the fire:

"How are you getting through this long, dull afternoon, my dears? Quiet as mice till just now. What woke you up? A battle of the books? Alice looks as if she had laid in plenty of ammunition, and you were preparing to besiege her."

The girls laughed, and all rose, for Mrs. Warburton was a stately old lady, and people involuntarily treated her with great respect, even in this mannerless age.

"We were only talking about books," began Carrie, deeply grateful that her novel was safely out of sight.

"And we couldn't agree," added Eva, running to ring the bell for the man to take the letters, for she was used to these little offices at home, and loved to wait on her hostess.

"Thanks, my love. Now let us talk a little, if you are tired of reading and if you like to let me share the discussion. Comparing tastes in literature is always a pleasure, and I used to enjoy talkings over books with my girl friends more than anything else."

As she spoke, Mrs. Warburton sat down in a chair which Alice rolled up, drew Eva to the cushion at her feet, and nodded to the others as they settled again, with interested faces, one at the table where the pile of chosen volumes now lay, the other erect upon the couch where she had been practising the poses "full of languid grace," so much affected by her favorite heroines.

"Carrie was laughing at me for reading wise books and wishing to improve my mind. Is it foolish and a waste of time?" asked Alice, eager to convince her friend and secure so powerful an ally.

"No, my dear, it is a very sensible desire, and I wish more girls had it. Only don't be greedy, and read too much; cramming and smattering are as bad as promiscuous novel-reading, or no reading at all. Choose carefully, read intelligently, and digest thoroughly each book, and then you make it your own," answered Mrs. Warburton, quite in her element now, for she loved to advise, as all old people do.

"But how can we know what to read, if we may not follow our tastes?" said Carrie, trying to be interested and "intelligent" in spite of her fear that a "school-marmy" lecture was in store for her.

"Ask advice, and so cultivate a true and refined taste. I always judge people's characters a great deal by the books they like, as well as by the company they keep; so one should be careful, for this is a very good test. Another test is, be sure that whatever will not bear reading aloud is not fit to read to one's self. Many young girls ignorantly or curiously take up books quite worthless, and really harmful, because under the fine writing and brilliant color lurk immorality or the false sentiment which gives wrong ideas of life and things which should be sacred. They think, perhaps, that no one knows this taste of theirs, but they are mistaken, for it shows itself in many ways, and betrays them. Attitudes, looks, careless words, and a morbid or foolishly romantic view of certain things, show plainly that the maidenly instincts are blunted, and harm done that perhaps can never be repaired."

Mrs. Warburton kept her eyes fixed upon the tall andirons, as if gravely reproving them, which was a great relief to Carrie, whose cheeks glowed as she stirred uneasily, and took up a screen as if to guard them from the fire. But conscience pricked her sharply, and memory, like a traitor, recalled many a passage or scene in her favorite books which, though she enjoyed them in private, she could not have read aloud even to that old lady. Nothing very bad, but false and foolish, poor food for a lively fancy and young mind to feed on, as the weariness or excitement which always followed plainly proved; since one should feel refreshed, not cloyed, with an intellectual feast.

Alice, with both elbows on the table, listened with wide-awake eyes, and Eva watched the rain-drops trickle down the pane with an intent expression, as if asking herself if she had ever done this naughty thing.

"Then there is another fault," continued Mrs. Warburton, well knowing that her first shot had hit its mark, and anxious to be just. "Some book-loving lassies have a mania for trying to read everything, and dip into works far beyong their powers, or try too many different kinds of self-improvement at once. So they get a muddle of useless things into their heads, instead of well-assorted ideas and real knowledge. They must learn to wait and select, for each age has its proper class of books, and what is Greek to us at eighteen may be just what we need at thirty. One can get mental dyspepsia on meat and wine, as well as on ice-cream and frosted cake, you know."

Alice smiled, and pushed away four of the eight books she had selected, as if afraid she had been greedy, and now felt that it was best to wait a little.

Eva looked up with some anxiety in her frank eyes, as she said, "Now it is my turn. Must I give up my dear homely books, and take to Ruskin, Kant, or Plato?"

Mrs. Warburton laughed, as she stroked the pretty brown head at her knee.

"Not yet, my love, perhaps never; for those are not the masters you need, I fancy. Since you like stories about every-day people, try some of the biographies of real men and women about whom you should know something. You will find their lives full of stirring, helpful, and lovely experiences, and in reading of these you will get courage and hope and faith to bear your own trials as they come. True stories suit you, and are the best, for there we get real tragedy and comedy, and the lessons all must learn."

"Thank you! I will begin at once, if you will kindly give me a list of such as would be good for me," cried Eva, with the sweet docility of one eager to be all that is lovable and wise in woman.

"Give us each a list, and we will try to improve in the best way. You know what we need, and love to help foolish girls, or you wouldn't be so kind and patient with us," said Alice, going to sit beside Carrie, hoping for much discussion of this, to her, very interesting subject.

"I will, with pleasure; but I read few modern novels, so I may not be a good judge there. Most of them seem very poor stuff, and I can not waste time even to skim them over as some people do. I still like the old-fashioned ones I read as a girl, though you would laugh at them. Did any of you ever read 'Thaddeus of Warsaw?' I re-read it recently, and thought it very funny; so were 'Evelina,' and 'Cecilia.'"

"I wanted to try Smollett and Fielding, after reading some fine essays about them, but papa told me I must wait," said Alice.

"Ah, my dears, in my day, Thaddeus was our hero, and we thought the scene where he and Miss Beaufort are in the park a most thrilling one. Two fops ask Thaddeus where he got his boots, and he replies, with withering dignity, 'Where I got my sword, gentlemen.' I treasured the picture of that episode for a long time. Thaddeus wears a hat as full of black plumes as a hearse, Hessian boots with tassels, and leans over Mary, who languishes on the seat in a short-waisted gown, limp scarf, poke bonnet, and large bag—the height of elegance then, but very funny now. Then too, there is William Wallace in 'Scottish Chiefs.' Bless me! We cried over him as much as you do over your 'Heir of Clifton,' or whatever the boy's name is. You wouldn't get through it, I fancy; and as for poor, dear, prosy Richardson, his letter-writing heroines would bore you sadly. Just imagine a lover saying to a friend, 'I begged my angel to stay and sip one dish of tea. She sipped one dish and flew.'"

"Now, I'm sure that's sillier than anything the Duchess ever wrote with her five o'clock teas and flirtations over plum-cake on lawns," cried Carrie, as they all laughed at the immortal Lovelace.

"I never read Richardson, but he couldn't be duller than Henry James, with his everlasting stories, full of people who talk a great deal and amount to nothing. I like the older novels best, and enjoy some of Scott's and Miss Edgeworth's better than Howells's or any of the realistic writers, with their elevators, and paint-pots, and every-day people," said Alice.

"I'm glad to hear you say so, for I have an old-fashioned fancy that I'd rather read about people as they were, for that is history, or as they might and should be, for that helps us in our own efforts; not as they are, for that we know, and we are all sufficiently commonplace ourselves to be the better for a nobler and wider view of life and men than any we are apt to get, so busy we are earning daily bread, or running after fortune, honor, or some other bubble. But I mustn't lecture or I shall bore you, and forget that I am your hostess, whose duty it is to amuse."

As Mrs. Warburton paused, Carrie, anxious to change the subject, said, with her eyes on a curious jewel which the old lady wore, "I also love true stories, and you promised to tell us about that lovely pin some day. This is just the time for it—please do."

"With pleasure," replied Mrs. Warburton, "for the little romance is quite apropos of our present chat. It is a very simple tale, and rather sad, but it has a great influence on my life, and this brooch is very dear to me."

As Mrs. Warburton sat silent a moment, the girls all looked with interest at the quaint pin which clasped the soft folds of muslin over the grey silk dress which was as becoming to the still handsome woman as her crown of white hair and the winter roses in her cheeks. The ornament was in the shape of a pansy; its purple leaves were of amethyst, the yellow of topaz, and in the middle lay a diamond drop of dew. Several letters were delicately cut on its golden stem, and a guard pin showed how much its wearer valued it.

"My sister Lucretia was a great deal older than I, for the three boys came between," began Mrs. Warburton, still gazing at the fire, as if from its ashes the past rose up bright and warm again. "She was a very lovely and superior girl, and I looked up to her with wonder as well as admiration. Others did the same, and at eighteen she was engaged to a charming man, who would have made his mark had he lived. She was too young to marry then, and Frank Lyman had a fine opening to practise his profession at the South. So they parted for two years, and it was then that he gave her the brooch, saying to her, as she whispered how lonely she would be without him, 'This pansy is a happy, faithful thought of me. Wear it, dearest girl, and don't pine while we are separated. Read and study, write much to me, and remember, "They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts."'"

"Wasn't that sweet?" cried Eva, pleased with the beginning of the tale.

"So romantic!" added Carrie, recalling the "amber amulet" one of her pet heroes wore for years and died kissing, after he had killed some fifty Arabs in the desert.

"Did she read and study?" asked Alice, with a soft color in her cheek, and eager eyes, for a budding romance was folded away in the depths of her maidenly heart, and she liked a love story.

"I will tell you what she did, for it was rather remarkable at that day, when girls had little schooling, and picked up accomplishments as they could. The first winter she read and studied at home, and wrote much to Mr. Lyman. I have their letters now, and very fine ones they are, though they would seem old-fashioned to you young things. Curious love-letters,—full of advice, the discussion of books, report of progress, glad praise, modest gratitude, happy plans, and a faithful affection that never wavered.

(To be Continued.)

CHRIST FOR US is all our righteousness before a holy God: Christ in us is all our strength in an unholy world.—*Robert McCheyne*.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY EPIPHANIUS WILSON.

He said, "I have no thanksgiving to yield;
My days are dark, my labors long."
"Hast thou not seen, this year, full many a field
And forest glow with verdure, ring with song?"

"But winter now is near; the skies are gray—"
"Yet hath the earth her fruits bestowed."
"Ah! autumn tells how swift we pass away;—"
"The shorter then henceforth the toilsome road."

"I have had strokes from death's bereaving hand—"
"Yet some remain with smiles of love."
"Gap after gap is rent in friendship's band—"
"Larger the host to welcome thee above."

"I am forgotten and neglected here—"
"So safer from the clang of strife."
"My name unuttered by Fame's clarion clear—"
"See it be written in the book of life.'
—*The Churchman.*

NEWSPAPER READING.

BY EMILY TOLMAN.

In this progressive age the newspaper justly claims some attention from all intelligent people; but do not our great dailies occupy much time that might be more wisely employed? "Multifarious reading weakens the mind more than doing nothing," says Robertson. "It is the idlest of all idlenesses, and leaves more impotency than any other."

One who reads from beginning to end her daily paper, and takes two on Sunday, keeping up with all the society gossip and divorce suits, when questioned about George Macdonald's works, replied: "What are they? I've forgotten. There are so many of these novels, all very much alike." We are reminded of a saying of Hobbes: "If I had read as much as other men, I had been as ignorant as they."

"I have no time to read anything but the paper" is the complaint of many who spend the entire evening over a daily journal which should occupy not more than fifteen or twenty minutes. The rest of the time might better be given to some standard author.

The great French philosopher, Auguste Comte, abstained wholly from newspaper reading. He wished to preserve from any adverse influence his wonderful power of abstract thought. Such a course can hardly be justified even in his case, and is certainly not to be commended to most people.

Rightly—that is, slightly—used, the newspaper is an invaluable educator. It brings us into sympathy with the whole civilized world, and saves us from the narrowing influence of isolation. By means of the newspaper those who stay at home can be nearly as well informed as those who travel.

If all newspapers were as good as the best, the danger of reading them would be less. Many of our so-called respectable journals instead of seeking to elevate the public taste, pamper the grossest and most vulgar. For one short paragraph on Samoan affairs they give column after column of a prize fight or the disgusting details of a divorce suit. A mother refused to take a certain local weekly because she did not wish her growing family to become accustomed to its incorrect grammar and spelling. How many parents consider as well the pernicious influence of some of our most widely read dailies on the moral character of their sons and daughters?

People who would shrink from contact with a bad man or woman accustom themselves to the vilest companionship in the printed page. "Indiscriminate and depraved appetite in reading," says Dr. Geikie, "is as fatal as it is degrading. Unfortunately, it is not the negroes only who are dirt-eaters."

Suppose we admit only the best newspapers into our homes; how much time can we afford to spend on them?

They all give a great deal of space to trifling incidents, which in a few months will be forgotten. Novelty is the great thing. What happened yesterday seems of chief importance. A silver dollar held near enough to the eye will look larger than the sun. We should learn to distinguish between that which has a mere temporary notoriety and that which is of lasting value.

"Most great men," says one of them, "have the courage to be ignorant of an infinite number of useless things." In every good newspaper there is likely to be something for each of us. Let us find our portion and read only that. To skim judiciously is an art worth acquiring. One who has a proper respect for his mental digestion will no more read his daily paper through than he will partake of everything on the bill of fare at table d'hote. Why should we be less careful of our mental than of our physical diet?

On one day in seven it would seem that men might be content to abstain from the newspaper and turn their thoughts into deeper channels. Not so; the Sunday dailies are larger and, if we may believe what they say of themselves, more widely circulated than any others. Look at the alluring prospectus in the Saturday's press. There we are informed in bold type that politicians of every class will need the Sunday paper; that business men will find in it the "latest financial and commercial information;" those interested in baseball must have it for the "best reports and most lively gossip;" it is urged upon the attention of the ladies as containing more "chat and information" for them than any other paper; it advertizes matter "especially interesting to the boys and girls." So the great Sunday daily goes into the homes—yes, even into the Christian homes. The Bible may be all very well, but nobody denies that it is rather old. The majority care less for what God said to Moses four thousand years ago than for what Mr. —— said to the reporter yesterday.

The father and mother look over the Sunday paper, and perhaps go to church to ponder the latest news or interesting "chat." They wonder that their boys do not care for religious services. John and Tom stay at home to read the paper. If they chance to attend Sunday-school, it is to talk over the last base-ball game with their mates during the devotional exercises, and to astonish the teacher by looking for Corinthians in the Old Testament. Having spent the morning on the Sunday daily provided by their Christian parents, they naturally see no harm in studying their Monday's lessons in the evening. Why should they?

We are told that a large proportion of cases of insanity is traceable every year to a disregard of the fourth commandment. Are not the Sunday newspapers, helping as they do to break down the dividing line between the Sabbath and the week day, partly responsible for this? Men need mental as well as physical rest, and that is gained, not by idleness, but by a change of thought and occupation. They need to keep their minds free from the consideration of those financial and business topics which occupy the six days in the week, and to which the Sunday paper calls their attention.

"Respect yourself too much to take up with indifferent company either in print or broadcloth" is excellent advice for every day in the week.

In this matter of newspaper reading, it would be well for many of us to practice a little more moderation. We might take a lesson from Aunt Dinah's receipt for her sweet-potato pie: "You puts in two eggs, one cup of milk, one-half cup of sugar, a little salt, and a little cinnamon."

"But how much sweet-potato, Aunty?"

"Just as little as possible, honey."—*Christian Union.*

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